









Worke's the Spies of Life;  
What gives it all its force.

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NEDDY, AN ODE.

BY JOHN G. GRIMMUTH.

Led by his wiles, the sweet tobacco's love,  
Which rues the brain all sensible themes above,

On Drawbridge now;

You'd Neddy see,

In pensive mood, alone,

Our spicery piles of wood,  
Well-seasoned, smoky and good,

Smoking.

Duchess.

As much as e'er he could,  
Showed he quite to Neddy only known  
When thought was heard around,

But mouthed the rest professed,

Of some smotting vagrant on his women themes.

No less he loved (read) of e'er seen

The way to the garden of wiles;

And more down a glass of wine,

The right Schubert, or other brand.

Such stuff he'd drink.

Without a wink,

Till fate forced he could no longer stand.

Drunk he gamed,

Like statesmen by an enchanter's wood.

Reckless of consequences, when on a "heat"

He finds a sweet delight, where others find disgust.

Lo! now, within the darkened street,

Without a thought of dread,

Knocks he upon the head

Each watchman he may chance to meet.

Then comes the barking, barking,

Without whom no harming,

Without whom no bating.

Rather springing fast,

Quiver on the blast,

Watchman's war,

Echoes far,

Or still night come,

Each blow,

All thud,

Sounds like drum,

How these fight!

Folks, fightin'.

Smacking other people's brains,

And getting small fees for their pains.

But e'er I in your shame labors there,

Then comes the barking, barking,

Without whom no harming,

Without whom no bating.

He's an' he's a'wain, before the city Mayor.

One's Great Mayor; who's not the same as me,

And is within a rear sought great-dread,

Who should the day prove fair,

Walk up the state house square,

Ugh! they doff.

On in the hushy couch,

Those make them sleep,

If the man should peer,

Dem be each other's pleading word!

All now before her eyes lay,

And work thy changin' will,

At thy command they make a noise,

At thy command are still,

They never, living soul, will tire,

Who by the mornin' morn,

And drinks again,

Whilst others by the right divine,

Thus put' within the "verse"

There keeps their last "Burton,"

Till they're sober again,

White others are perfectly fine,

And then—oh, sh—ah,

In the Black Mass;

Is what I do not like,

Forgive I never more will strike,

They never, living soul, will tire,

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